Farmington Aug 24/60

Dear friend Ephi:

A word, just a word to you this time. I have been writing to John, and have concluded to enclose some to you, though I really suppose you are not there. my letters do not reach you, so it is a waste of time, ink and paper, to write you, and still more, my valuable ideas. I have got an awful lame arm, (but it has been lamer) I was vaccinated a fortnight ago, and I have been sick enough- about my going to Cal when you do. I think I will go just then. we will start from N York together. that will be

the arrangement. exactly. when are you going. But you ought to come to Maine first. poor Hannah will die if she does not look upon your smiling face before you go. Eph you must come. she says so. I was out there last week. she had a good deal to say about you. All the fellows are after her. but you will lose her if you don't come soon. don't care if you do. Where is Dan and his girls. half a dozen of them? I think he might write to me. How I wish I were out there this summer. Ah! Eph. I'd give you such a lecture as you never had in your life. I ache to do it now. You scamp you.

what a bag of deception the men are. Don't I know it? I guess I've lived long enough to find some of them out anyway. - Well, Eph I'd be glad to see you once more - hope I shall sometime. I'm sure I have pleasant remembrances of you - but I am hurried. I have tried to imitate your letters - three words on a page and three pages - rather coarse writing too - some scribbling - a poor pen - if you get this and write again to me. I'll write you a good long letter. So good bye - Excuse mistakes - Your friend

B. E. Luce.

Mr G. L. Hackett.

Barabo[illegible]

(Politeness John Lucee).